THE MARYVILLE STUDENT.

SEMPER SURSUM.

Vol. I. Maryville College, Dec. 1875. No. 4.

To the Memory of a departed Classsmate.

By Miss S. M. H.

Once again the chain is severed,
And the golden bowl is broken;
Once again have come the summons
By the Mighty Father spoken;
One more traveler o'er life's billows
Now has reached the shining shore,
One more weary troubled spirit
Is at rest forevermore.
Once again the dark-robed angel
Down into our midst has come,
Beckoning to our old companion,
"Child, thy Father calls thee home."
Home—beyond the chilling river,
Home—within the pearly gates;
There he joins the angel chorus,
There our coming he awaits.
Ended are his toils and troubles,
All his grief and care are o'er,
And in peace and joy and gladness
Now he walks the golden shore.
No more need has he to study,
Gleaning truths from ancient lore.
Closed are all the well worn school books,
Laid aside forevermore.
Friends and classmates in the school room,
We will sadly miss his face;
But to brother, sister, loved ones
Who can fill the vacant place?
But when dear ones leave us mourning,
This should soothe our grief and pain
That, while we are left in sorrow,
Our loss is their greatest gain.
For our friends, although we miss them,
Are not lost but gone before,
And with angels wait to greet us
At the pearly entrance door.
Sad it may be to the loved ones,
When the aged are cut down,
Sadder still in manhood's glory
By Death's sickle to be mown—
But when in life's first fair morning,
Fresh and strong we see men fall,
Cut off in youth's pride and beauty,
It gives the saddest pain of all.
But the Father in his wisdom,
Doeth all things for the best;
So we should not doubt his goodness,
But obey his just behest —
Seek him in life's fresh spring time,
So that when our summons come,
Without fear we 'll heed the bidding,
"Child thy Father calls thee home."

Civilization on the March.

By R. H. C.

The mind of man is prone to lay aside the material present, and to wander in wild and baseless conjecture through the future, or traverse in hurried retrospect the gloomy world of the past. Dissatisfied with the knowledge of a century or a decade of centuries, it roams back over the monuments of dead centuries to the almost inconceivable beginning of time, inquires into the first sounds of nature, and asks whence is man, whence the world he inhabits, and whence the concourse of suns and systems that throw a smile over the face of heaven? The light of divine truth that lit up the track of eternity before the ages began their roll, sheds a radiance over universal being, explaining another wise, insoluble problem, and teaching that in the beginning an eternally existent God breathed man into being, and from the hol-

low of his hand launched into their orbits the mighty constellations that plow the upper deep.

Such is the universally accepted origin of nature. To doubt it is to question truth, and to deny it is to assert the doctrine of infidelity. It is true that this theory is rejected by many, but we will only notice this fact here, without attempting to ventilate it or expose its fallacy. In our own mind the very fact of the universal harmony of nature, is an incontestable evidence of her divine origin, and this fact, aided by the word of revelation, divests our minds of every shadow of a doubt, and compels us to accept, unquestioned, the theory of original creation.

Satisfied then as to his origin, there naturally exists a desire in the minds of all to follow him through the ruins of time, to read the moral and intellectual wonders of his battles, and to hail with heavenly transport, the glory of art, literature and science. The history of man from the creation to the flood is wrapped in the waves of gloom. The records of Moses and the pyramids of Egypt that have undulated in the minds of heaven, and sung the requiem of nearly forty-five centuries. serve only to show that man did exist prior to the flood, without telling us anything about the sciences, and political and religious bearings of the times, if any records existed. They were buried in the channels of the deep, and almost universal death hushed the voice of tradition.

But when the waters had subsided and multiplication had peopled the earth with human beings, from emigration and evolution there sprung into being the different races of mankind who, though bound together in the all embracing chain of humanity by some strange affinity, are yet radically different as regards manners and religion.

From the plains of Asia emigrations have set forth towards the North, South, East and West until the world is well nigh inundated by the moving mass. To follow the footstep of the different nations, and note minutely the changes wrought by time, climate and association, would be—even were we capable—a task far too comprehensive for our space. The earliest records of all ancient nations have perished, and he who yearns to know more than the voice of history proclaims of the customs of different nations, must go to Egypt, to India, to China and elsewhere, and decipher the hieroglyphic inscriptions upon those columns "In whose date the chain of time is lost." And, after all, this is the foundation of ancient history.

Within the last century the science of comparative philosophy has done more to elucidate the mysteries of the past, than all the centuries that preceded it. By an analysis and comparison of languages we are often enabled to discern a connection of races separated by thousands of miles, and are forced to the conclusion, that

at some remote period in the past they must have been united as members of one and the same family.

Some nations have made rapid strides in the arts, sciences and literature, and have captured the spoils from the topmost ladder of temporal fame, while others never have risen above the level of semi-barbarism. To give a satisfactory reason for this difference of attainments would perhaps be impossible. Difference in climate, thought and feeling produce corresponding differences in the character of nations. This character of a nation is, for the most part determined by the age in which it lives, and by the influences brought to bear upon it.

The contrast between the normal and mechanical life of the "drowsy celestial" and that of the highly cultivated Greek, is one of the most cogent arguments that could be advanced in favor of the assertion that the character of a nation is to a great extent the result of outward circumstances. The Chinese empire, shut in by natural and artificial barriers from all exterior influences, has become secluded from the rest of the world, and has to some degree lost its identity among the civilized nations of the earth, while Greece, nurtured as she was in the cradle of strife—divided into petty states that were continually at war with each other—often brought to the extremity of struggling for mere existence, was daily acquiring that power that afterwards won for her the undersigned sovereignty of the ancient world.

The many changes which the race of man has undergone, and the revolutions that have convulsed the world, and thrown up between the hearts of nations barriers that time will never crumble, it would take a thousand volumnes to commemorate. The ancient world groped in the darkness of idolatry.

Our ideas of God they never dreamed of, and perhaps the greatest revolution the world ever witnessed, was that from paganism to the Christian religion. This revolution however is far from being universal. But the brazen idols of the pagans are crumbling in the path of Christianity, and in India, China, Japan and the uttermost parts of the earth, the heralds of the cross are planting the cross. How long a time shall intervene before the final accomplishment, is not ours to know; but truth draped in the celestial beauty of the sky, founded its battery on the throne of heaven, and the embannered host of light shall keep step to the long roll of ages, until the islands of the ocean shall shout to the continents that all earth has caught the fire of its love.

Tears.

BY J. B. P.

Let them come. Restrain them

not. They are friends—silent, sympathetic friends—ministering to sorrow and grief, assuaging the pains of the bitterest disappointments, giving expression to the deepest love, and adding flavor to the cup of joy. Is it a sign of weakness to see a strong man shed tears? Does it not rather betoken a stony heart if he is unmoved to tears either by joy or grief? As a general rule it does, but we have occasionally known instances of excessive grief, where tears failed to come to the relief of the sufferer. When the floodgates of the heart seemed persistently locked, and the burning cheek, the aching brow and parching lips were refused one consoling draft from their hidden depths. This must be the nearest we can conceive of a broken heart,—when the troubled soul seems crushed for the very want of expression and the expression will not come.

If ever it be my lot to pass through the vale of sorrow—through trials of bitterest grief—O tears, I invoke your presence! Come in drops of tender grief; come like showers that fall from clouds of mercy and let me feel your magic spell! What a language they speak! What truths they reveal! What feelings they portray! How often has their living, heart-pouring eloquence been more powerful than the grandest oratory.

They are a panacea for all sorrow. The child in trouble seeks refuge in its blinding tears and sobs. Its mother, bending over it, adds her tears of sympathy and love. The son, leaving the home of his father, mingles his tears with those of his anxious parents, and the father sheds tears of joy at the success of the son. But certainly, the most precious in the sight of God of all earthly tears, the one over which the angels in heaven weep for very joy, is the tear of the penitent sinner.

Tears are sacred. Their history is sacred. Associations render them sacred. The Bible makes them doubly so. David, that sweet lyrist whose tones are none the less sweet that they are sometimes tremulous with grief, says: "I water my couch with my tears," "My tears have been my meat day and night." We read of one who washed her Savior's feet with the silent tears of penitence, and wiped them with her tangled tresses; of Peter, weeping his bitter tears of woe; of Mary Magdelene, whose tears of grief drenched the cold stone at the door of the sepulchre; and of countless others,—but that which calls forth our love and wonder, and at the same time impresses us with awe, is the record, "Jesus wept." He wept beside the grave of Lazarus; He wept over lost Jerusalem; He wept with agonizing groans in the garden of Gethsemene, and mingled his tears of sorrow with the tide of human grief.

Some one has beautifully said of tears in heaven:

Yes there are tears in Heaven. Love ever breathes

Compassion; and compassion without tears
Would lack its truest utterance; saints weep
And angels; only there no bitterness
Troubles the crystal spring."

A Letter from Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 14, 1875.

Dear Student.

You have visited our Queen City and although in humble garb from your Tennessee home, and not heralded by the sound of trumpets, or the flaming advertisements of some great publishing house, you received a hearty welcome from one who always encourages good beginnings, well knowing the truth of the homely adage, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow." Pluck and Patience are good capital, and you will doubtless find you have made a paying investment in ink and type. Go on and do your very best every time and all the time.

Since your appearance here, we have had high times for those who read and hear and think. M. D. Conway whom you may know by his able letters from London in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, gave several very learned lectures, in one of which he endeavored to show that there is no Devil. Then McCosh of Princeton discoursed deeply of Metaphysics. His ethics have interfered with the expectations of those students who have been expelled from Princeton for their adherence to secret societies.

The great lecturer No. 3 was Dr. Lord, who is a wonderful writer, and gave fifteen historical orations. Now a Dr. Anderson of Rochester is giving a course of six. So, with the Medical and Law lectures, the teachings of the pulpits now so ably filled, the people should be well enlightened. The efforts for amusements are wonderful and too numerous and varied for even a mention in this epistle. One exciting topic is the new Music Hall that is to be thro' the influence and liberality of Mr. Springer. Just think of over $200,000.00 raised for such a purpose in these hard times. Verily where there's a will there's a way.

We make no boast of our 3,000 saloons kept up by the animalism of their frequenters. They are plague spots worse than the small-pox, and ought to be abated as a public nuisance, but the cry is Where's our Mayor! and echo answers "Here in his sympathy, right here in the saloons with us," and the matter of abatement ends. In my next I may tell of our University and Public Library.

BUCKEYE.

The following lines, addressed to Fate, were written by John Dorgan, a poet of limited fame who died five years ago in Philadelphia. They are vigorous and suggestive, although we do not like the title or Greek notion of Fate which pervades them:

"These withered hands are weak
But they shall do my bidding though so frail;
These lips are thin and white, but shall not fail
The appointed words to speak."

The sneer I can forgive
Because I know the strength of destiny;
Until my task is done I cannot die,
And then I would not live.

The Maryville Student.

Maryville College, December, 1875.

EDITORS;

S. T. WILSON and J. A. SILSBY.

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Our Exchanges.

Since last month we have received several new exchanges. Prominent among these, both on account of its typographical make-up and its worth as a college paper is the *Lafayette College Journal*. It is devoted exclusively to reporting the news of that institution, and yet it is very readable for students of other colleges.

We have also received the *Literary Times*, a beautiful and interesting monthly published in Philadelphia, Another is the *Chatata Seminary Leaflet*, of Chattata Seminary, Tennessee. Such publications are relished by students. The catalogue of Iowa College for '75-6 shows that the institution is flourishing. 338 are in attendance.

We will send The Student for the remainder of this college year for 25 *cents*. Back numbers may always be had.

An apology is due our readers for our delay in publishing this number of the Student. We have had unavoidable interruptions in our work, but will hereafter issue at the time indicated.

At the last ten-weeks election of the Bainonian Society, the following officers were elected:

Rec. Sec.	Miss Mollie Biddle,
Cor. Sec.	Miss S. M. Silsby,
Treas.	Miss R. Crawford.

Magic Lantern.

The President gave a Magic Lantern Exhibition at the Presbyterian Church on the 11th., for the benefit of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. There was a large attnedance. The light did not work as well as expected, but a fine variety of pictures was exhibited.

The President also gave another exhibition to the students and others who were invited, on the 17th. which was a success, both as to the light, and the quality of the views. The views were mostly Phisiological and Botanical, and were made more interesting by the President's explanations. Prof. Collins added to the occasion by exhibiting several comic scenes painted by himself.

Animi Cultus.

The Animi Cultus Society will have a public exercise, Friday evening, January 28th. The paper will be read by W. E. B. Harris, the editor. The question for discussion is: "Resolved that Poverty is a Blessing." The debaters are;

Affirmative;	Negative;
J. E. Rogers,	G. McCampbell,
R. H. Coulter,	J. B. Porter,
G. C. Stewart.	J. T. Reagan.

☞ All are invited.

PERSONALS.

Class of '71.

A. N. Carson is preaching at London, Ohio.

G. S. W. Crawford is Professor of Mathematics in this College.

C. A. Duncan is at Lane Seminary, and will graduate this year.

J. A. Goddard is teaching in the New Providence Institute.

C. E. Tedford ministers to the spiritual wants of the good people of Madisonville and Philadelphia.

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The Athenian Paper and Debate.

The Athenian Paper was read on the 17th. by the editor, W. E. McCampbell, and was well received by a large audience. The editor showed himself up with the times by not allowing pieces of a scurrilous or offensive nature in his columns. There were many well written pieces on practical subjects in the place of these. As these rude, ungentlemanly jokes and jests disappear from the papers, they increase in popularity; perhaps not with the vulgar few, but certainly with the thinking many.

The question for debate as stated in the last number of THE STUDENT was; "Resolved that Man is the Architect of his own Fortune." The debaters were as follows:

Affirmative:	Negative:
T. N. Brown,	C. C. Hembree.
W. H. Franklin.	W. H. Taylor.

The question, after a thorough discussion, was decided in favor of the Negative.

Another Mysterious Visit.

Spirit rappings and ghost walkings have not yet become things belonging only to the past ages. As the young ladies of the Bainonian society were so engaged, one dismal night, in their usual animated style of debate as to forget the rain and cold and general gloom without, their voices were suddenly hushed by a mysterious rapping at the door of their hall. One of the young ladies mustered up enough courage to open the door, and over the threshold silently marched eight figures enveloped in ghostly robes and strange costumes, and seated themselves in a remote corner of the room.

The young ladies here are not of the kind that faint when they hear a mouse squeak, or scream at the sight of a dog, and so they soon recovered from the little confusion into which they were thrown by the entrance of their strange visitors, and wishing to make themselves agreeable, and knowing that ghosts like things grave and solemn, and have an especial fondness for reading which will put mortals to sleep, with the most commendable self-sacrifice, for the entertainment of their visitors, it was moved and carried that Cushing's Manual be read, as it was thought that would be both entertaining and instructive.

Accordingly it was brought out, to the great delight of the spectres, who were so much pleased with its contents, and with the manner in which it was read, that they sat listening with increasing interest to the melodious voices of the fair ones till away on towards midnight.

But all pleasures have an end. As the apparitions were seated listening to the young ladies' musical tones, suddenly a panic seized them—a professor was coming,—and running, stumbling, falling, pitching and bumping against door posts, they beat a hasty retreat, much to the regret(?) of the young ladies.

The Christmas Vacation.

The holidays, welcome visitors, arrived at last, and on the day preceding Christmas the major part of the students left for home, anticipating glorious days of enjoyment. The few who remained on the hill also determined to have an enjoyable Christmas, and the result was such that they say that never was a week of their lives spent with more pleasure. Parties and practical jokes were the order of the day. Time would not suffice to tell of two of the students being kidnapped and taken to the desert of Sahara or somewhere else. and left to find their way back home in the darkness of a winter night; of the "bell scrape," so-called in which the group of eight students, firmly supposing that no mortal could enter the building, after having rung the bell one rainy night for the space of two hours, were somewhat disturbed, while some were engaged in a game of authors and another ringing the bell, by seeing one of the Professors entering post haste with a lantern through a broken door; or how helter-skelter, pell-mell, thundering and falling, the culprits rolled down the stairs and out a door, only loosing a hat in the contest, which was abstracted from a head by the Professor in hot pursuit; of how one of the victims, intercepted in his flight in mortal fear of arrest, dodged the Professor in his final search for the "Swiss," nor is there time to tell how one of the participants in aforesaid bell-ringing, was the next night made the victim of a sham arrest for disturbing the public slumbers, and how he was rescued by his valiant and true comrades, and about the journey to the mountains, and of a thousand and one other like deeds. Never will this Christmas be forgotten by the boys of Maryville College. However, so soon as study was resumed, the hill resumed its wonted stoical quiet, seeming rejoiced at hearing the bell *regularly* again.

The Adelphic Union.

The Adelphic Union, at the call of the Athenian Society, convened Friday, December 3rd. at 3 o'clock, P. M., in the Chapel. The President and Vice President of last year being both absent, W. E. B. Harris was called to the chair, and the Society proceeded to the election of officers. The result was as follows;

President, -	W. E. B. Harris.
Vice President, -	C. C. Hembree.
Secretary, -	J. E. Rogers.
Treasurer, -	T. N. Brown.
Censors,	J. B. Porter.
	S. T. Wilson.
Prosecutor, -	R. H. Coulter.

The members of the Bainonian Literary Society were received as active members of the Adelphic. It was decided to have but two debaters from the Athenian Society, and two from the Animi Cultus; one orator from

each of the above named Societies, and two essayists from the Bainonian Society, to take part in the next Commencement exercises. It was also decided that each debater and orator be allowed but 15 minutes for his speech. The time of the essayists was not limited. The several societies having been directed to hold their elections for those to represent them in the Commencement exercise, the Society adjourned *sine die*.

Society Election.

In compliance with the request of the *Adelphic*, the Societies held the election for appointing members to represent them in the public exercise at Commencement, Friday eve., Nov. 3. We append the result.

THE BAINONIAN.

Essayists, { Miss S. M. Silsby, Miss S. M. Henry.

ANIMI CULTUS.

Orator, R. H. Coulter.

Debaters. { L. B. Tedford, J. E. Rogers.

ATHENIAN.

Orator, T. N. Brown.

Debaters, { C. C. Hembree. S. T. Wilson.

Death of Jas. C. Elmore.

Heretofore it has not been our duty to chronicle anything but that which appertains to life, to those full of youthful hopes and aspirations; and would that it still were so, but it is not. James C. Elmore has left us, life and earthly things. Although it is said that "Silence is the true eloquence of woe," we must say a few words with regard to our departed friend. He, aged fifteen, in 1872 came to our College, intending to fit himself to be a man in the world. He was highly esteemed by his fellows on account of his affable temperament, engaging manners and honest love of fun. Few students have had more friends than had he. Although he had not been in school this year, he was not forgotten. Little did his friends think, when he visited the College, two weeks before his summons to leave this world came, that the end of earth was so near to him. But his brothers and sister, summoned home, found him dying. On Sabbath, December 19th the wheels of life stood still, and "the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken," and in the springtime of his existence, he fell asleep.

A few months ago he connected himself with a church, and at the time of his death contemplated studying for the ministry, and would undoubtedly have proved an earnest and successful worker, but "fell death's untimely frost" interrupted all the plans he had for this life.

HASH.

A strapping fellow, the schoolmaster.

Some boys once took down a sign from a mechanic's shop, "All kinds of turning and twisting done here," and placed it over a lawyer's entrance.

Lawyer to client (whose name, of course, he hasn't forgotten). "Let me see, how is it you spell your name?" Client—"How do I spell it? Why, S-m-i-t-h!"

A teacher in one of the prominent female seminaries on the Hudson, on being asked by a young lady of her class what pig iron is, replied: "Iron given in exchange for swine!"

An exchange affords the etymological information that the aboriginal title of Niagara was "Awniagarah;" which closely accords with the pronunciation of the word by the modern English tourist.—*World.*

"Shakspeare was married at 18; Dante, Franklin and Bulwer, at 24; Keplar, Mozart, and Walter Scott, at 26; Washington, Napoleon I., and Byron, at 27; Rossini, the first time, at 30, and the second time at 54; Schiller and Weber, at 31; Aristophanes, at 36; Wellington, at 37; Talma, at 39; Luther, at 42; Addison, at 44; Young, at 47; Swift, at 49; Buffon, at 55; and Goethe, at 57."

An English Earl's Advice to College Students.—In an address, which he recently delivered at Liverpool College, Lord Durby told the students that there were three great maxims of study—first that mental labor never hurts anybody unless taken in great excess; second, that those who cannot spare time for physical exercise will soon have to spare it for illness; third, that morning work is generally better than night work. There has never been a time in the history of the world when an appreciation of these truths was more important than it is now.

When ex-Secretary Seward left his home in Orange County, to enter College, his father, the Judge, gave him a thousand dollars, with the admonition that on that sum he must live until he graduated. At the end of the Freshman year the young collegian returned home without a dollar, and with several bad habits. About the close of the vacation the Judge said: "Well, William, are you going to college this year?" "Have no money, father." "But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on." "It's all gone, Father." "Very well, my son, it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world." A new light broke in on William H. He accepted the situation, returned to college, graduated at the head of his class, and since then has made quite a little stir in the world.

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